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THE

Triumph of Goodnature,

EXHIBITED IN THE

HISTORY

OF

MASTER HARRY FAIRBORN

AND

MASTER TRUEWORTH.

INTERSPERSED WITH

TALES AND FABLES,

AND

ORNAMENTED WITH CUTS.

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THE

Triumph of Goodnature.

As there is an advantage in receiving and properly attending to inſtruction, ſo there is alſo a pleaſure in giving it to thoſe who are likely to profit by our leſſons. For this reaſon, I am happy in writing to little folks, with the

hope that they will come, in time, to be *great men*, of which there have been ſeveral examples. I hope many of my young readers will be added to the number.

I ſhall dwell no longer on this ſubject, to try their patience, but now will proceed with my ſtory.

When I made a little journey one ſummer into Hertfordſhire, in order to viſit a relation, I was a good deal diſappointed to hear that he

he had left that part of the country, and that he had taken his wife and three pretty and engaging young children along with him.

I got this information at the inn where I put up; at the ſame time the landlord told me he had received it from a gentleman whoſe name I well knew as ſoon as I heard it, becauſe I had been formerly acquainted with him in town. When he likewiſe heard my name, he deſired my company in the next room; and when we had ſitten a little while together,

inſiſted that I ſhould go home with him, and paſs a few days in the country.—His name was Fairborn.

When we arrived at his houſe,

his

his wife came out to meet us, with a very fine boy, about eleven years old, who made a handſome bow, and appeared as if he had been uſed to company.

I aſked my friend if this was his only child. He anſwered, he had another, and Mrs. Fairborn going up ſtairs ſoon after, returned with a little girl, who I at firſt thought was their daughter, but found her to be their niece.

I had not been long there, before I obſerved with pleaſure the good order kept in this family, where

where the children were obedient and good-natured; and, in conſequence of that behaviour, were happy themſelves, while they became the delight of all who knew them.

Maſter Fairborn had a pleaſing countenance. I have not told my readers, that he was a *pretty* boy; "PRETTY is *that* PRETTY *does*," is an old proverb that ſome folks, wiſe in their own conceit, have pretended to laugh at; but ſurely the prettieſt face may be ſpoiled by habits of ill humour, whilſt a

boy

boy or girl that is not what people commonly call handſome, will gain a pretty look, by being always *good natured.*

His couſin was a ſweet little girl, both in her perſon and temper, as far as that temper could be judged of, at her age; and the firſt action of hers that I took notice of, was ſharing the fruit ſhe had with her kinſman, and offering ſome to every body in the company.

On Goodnature.

Beauty is priz'd, and pleaſure lov'd,
And happineſs we all would gain;
Sharp wit we find by moſt approv'd,
But when it gives to others pain.

But yet there is another charm
That pleaſure always can beſtow;
With joy can ſtill our boſoms warm,
And lead to happineſs below.
'Tis what more kind than wit we own,
'Tis what adorns the gentle mind,
What to all here I hope is known—
'Tis prudence with goodnature join'd.

It was eaſy to ſee that Harry Fairborn had a lively ſpirit, as well as goodnature. He was ready in his wit when he replied to any thing that was aſked him; but I never found that he was too forward, as he ſeldom ſpoke but when he was ſpoken to; and that we generally find is a good way of ſpeaking to the purpoſe.

I remember that Maſter Prattle being once at Mr. Fairborn's on a viſit, he appeared very agreeable at firſt; but when Harry found that this young gentleman was apt to

let

let his tongue run before his wit, he began to alter the opinion he had at firſt of his viſitor. Beſides, when he knew that Maſter Prattle did not always ſtick to the truth, he regarded him the leſs; and indeed one day he took the liberty of reproving him.

Maſter Peregrine Prattle, being one of thoſe who cannot bear to be told of their faults, as he was not bred up to good manners, anſwered with ſuch ill language as I don't chooſe to repeat here; ſince I truſt that my young read-

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ers will never want nor wiſh to make uſe of it. But this was not all; for Perry, being very paſſionate, was ſo naughty as to throw a

top,

top, which he then had in his hand, at Harry's head. It miſſed him, but broke a china bowl, in the beaufet; and juſt at that inſtant Mrs. Fairborn entered the room. A maid ſervant, that was in the next room, overheard all the matter.

"What are you at, young gentlemen? (ſaid ſhe;) and preſently ſhe turned her eyes towards the beaufet; on which ſhe began to blame her ſon; and Harry was ſo generous, and had ſuch a great diſlike to telling tales, that (though this

this could hardly be conſidered as ſuch) he heard all that was ſaid to him in ſilence, till the ſervant, juſt mentioned, came in, and told the whole ſtory. And Mr. Fairborn came ſoon after her, who was greatly diſpleaſed with Perry's conduct; but inſtead of putting himſelf into a paſſion, he only ſpoke as follows:—

"You are too paſſionate, Maſter Prattle, and that is a great fault, which deſerves and wants correction. You know Maſter Peter Pettiſh, whoſe temper, when

a child, was never praiſeworthy. In his infancy, though he could not be called ill-diſpoſed, he was what the nurſes call tetchy; and it was feared, that, as he grew older, he would become wilful and obſtinate; and there was the greater reaſon to think ſo, as Mr. Maitland was called abroad, and obliged to go beyond ſea, when he was not five years old; and his mamma was in a bad ſtate of health, and had enough to do, to attend to the education of his ſiſter Sophia.

A poor

A poor relation of the family was at this time appointed to act as his tutor; but this tutor was too indulgent, as will be allowed, when I tell you that he had suffered him to neglect his leſſon, and to behave as he choſe, which was often very naughtily, to the beſt ſervants in the houſe.

Once, in particular, Maſter Pettiſh's bread and butter not being cut exactly to his mind, he was going to ſtamp it under his feet; and when the maid prevented him from ſo doing, he threw it at

her head. This the tutor concealed from his mamma; and the girl was so good-natured, that she did not tell her mistress of his behaviour.

However, though she acted thus from good-will to him, yet it had a bad effect, because he was so thoughtless, that it served to encourage him in his frowardness.

Being reproved soon after, for not attending to his lesson, he threw his book into the fire; for which he indeed received some

little

little correction; and he has since owned he took this so ill, that he had almost a mind to run away, on account of the chastisement he received, though he so justly deserved it.

It was now high time to put a stop to this progress of his temper; and complaints being made, the tutor was discharged, and young master sent to a school, where he found he could not be indulged as before; and the master being told of his scholar's disposition, used him with remarkable severity.

As fretfulneſs is ſilly and wicked, ſo it often proves moſt hurtful to thoſe that encourage it. The alteration in the young gentleman's treatment, prevented many of his naughty

naughty tricks, but it occaſioned him continual vexation; and once, when he was ſeverely corrected, it occaſioned him a fit of illneſs, from whence, though he recovered in a few weeks, yet he was ſubject to fits ever after.

This ſtory had the effect deſired; Maſter Prattle was aſhamed of the indiſcretion he had fallen into, and reſolved not to be guilty of the like again. His friends were glad to find him ſo diſpoſed, and checked him no more for his former fault.

He was happy to find that arguments produced by examples and ſtories, ſo far prevailed, as he juſtly concluded that their method would frequently prevent the neceſſity of ſharp rebuke; and as for correction, though he well knew it muſt be given on ſome occaſions, to young folks, yet he was always loath to make uſe of it, while there was any gentler way remaining.

As Mr. Fairborn conſequently related ſtories occaſionally to his own ſon, ſo it happened that among them were ſome fables,

of

of which young Harry, one day, took notice; and being naturally curious in ſuch inquiries as ſuited his age, aſked of what particular uſe it was for young people to attend to tales, the truth of which was doubtful; and to liſten to *fables*, which told of things impoſſible.—His papa did not give an immediate anſwer to this. Harry was now ſilent, becauſe he feared he had offended by his queſtion; and Mr. Fairborn went abroad about ſome buſineſs, telling his ſon he ſhould take a walk with him,

him in the evening. As this was always looked on as a mark of indulgence by the children, the young gentleman waited with ſome little impatience for the time appointed.

Accordingly, in the evening, they went out together, when talking of various things, Mr. Fairborn took an opportunity to obſerve on the behaviour of ſome people, that being indulged in their whims while children, were continually fickle and unſteady

when

when grown to men and women's eſtate.

Perceiving that Harry ſcarcely noticed this remark, a little while after-

afterwards he took an occaſion to tell the following ſtory :—

THERE was a Prince of Tartary, called Abdallah, much beloved, when he was very young.—He was the darling of the King his father, whilſt a child, and generally liked by all around him. As he was very fond of pleaſure, and loved variety, the King allowed him to remove from one place to another, and he made ſuch uſe of

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the permiſſion, that he ſhifted his place of abode every month in the year.

This was rather troubleſome to thoſe that waited on him: however, they did not complain of it; but at length he went farther, diſcharging his ſervants, as often as he changed his dwelling. However, they ſubmitted to all this, but he loſt the love of the people by degrees, while he did not know the reaſon of it.

At length one of his people ventured to tell him the truth: but

he was grown so impatient, that instead of hearing him, as he ought to have done, he fell into a rage with the man, who fled from him; the Prince pursued him from morning to night, without being able to overtake him, and long after sunset found himself in the midst of a desert.

Vexed and disappointed as he was, he now, for the first time, began to think of returning, but he did not know which way to go. As he stood considering, a violent

storm

ſtorm aroſe, attended with terrible thunder and lightning.

While the Prince was thus diſtreſſed, an old man ſuddenly appeared at his ſide, who, ſeeming

to

to pity his ſituation, ſaid, "Follow me, and I will ſhelter you from the ſtorm, and ſhew you ſomething worth ſeeing."—Abdallah followed, and in a few minutes found himſelf in a glorious palace.

"Here is every thing that delights moſt people (ſaid the old man); but I can do what you may, perhaps, think a greater favour than all; take this ring, and whenever you turn it to the mark you ſee on the ſide oppoſite, there ſhall be *a change*. Only take care how you make uſe of the power."

Prince

Prince Abdallah's eyes ſparkled with joy, when he received this preſent; and, though he had now fine rooms, fine furniture, a fine ſupper ready, and a number of attendants, yet he turned the ring, when he preſently found himſelf in a garden, full of fruit-trees and agreeable flowers, with a number of boys and girls waiting to receive his commands. But as theſe ſeemed to be his dwarfs, he fixed his eyes on them, turned the ring; and was preſently ſurrounded by a number of giants, while the garden

was gradually changed into a foreſt of tall lofty cedars.

Neither did this content him.—He tried his ring again, and was inſtantly conveyed to a building, where he found himſelf ſurrounded by a variety of attendants, all of whom ſeemed ready to ſerve him, bringing him food and many dainties, which he was eager to accept, as he was by this time faint and hungry. But before he could be ſerved with what he ſo much wiſhed for, theſe ſervants took different ſhapes; the very diſhes

of

of victuals were changed from one thing to another, whenever he attempted to touch them; and the place turned continually round about, ſo that he was not ſuffered to be a minute at reſt.

What could he do? he did not know how to make his ring uſeful. That only produced changes of which he had too many every inſtant; while it did not give him the power of gaining any particular thing, nor, if it had, did he know what to wiſh for, in the midſt of ſo much confuſion.—At this in-

ſtant, however, he heard a voice, which cried out, "This is the *Houſe of Changes*; art thou now ſatisfied?"—"I am ſatisfied indeed (anſwered he) that I am one of the moſt miſerable creatures in the world."—The old man now appeared again before Abdallah, who put the Prince in mind that his promiſe was fulfilled, and aſked what further he could deſire. He could only ſay, that he was now ſenſible he was beſt off when at home, if he had known his happineſs. The old man told him if

he

he would take off his ring, and throw it away, he ſhould arrive there immediately. Then taking the ſhape of an angel he flew away, and Abdallah inſtantly found himſelf in the court of the king his father, who was happy to ſee his ſon, as he had given him over for loſt. Here he obſerved his late ſervants, and was happy to ſee them. Among the reſt, was the man with whom he had been ſo angry for telling the truth. But the Prince, now findin his miſtake, owned it. He lived content-

ed ever afterwards, reigned over Tartary after his father's death, and never again troubled himself, or thoſe about him, with a ſilly deſire of changes more.

HARRY was highly delighted with the tale, and told his papa he perceived the moral, and ſhould always mind it; adding, "I am ſure, for my part, papa, I ſhall be leſs fond of changing my books and my playfellows than I ever have been; for I ſhall think it but fooliſh."

foolish."—"But you did not think so much about this, Harry (replied Mr. Fairborn), till I just now told you the tale, and yet it is full of things that are impossible; so, Harry, this is the best answer I can give to your question. The same is the case with all fables; they generally please or surprise, and therefore, child, they are more minded or remembered better than serious talk and advice. As to enchantments, and birds and beasts speaking, you know such things cannot be; but they are like what

children themſelves do in their play, when they repreſent what they do not expect any body ſhould believe; but as you find *that* uſeful in your diverſion, ſo *this* is often neceſſary for your inſtruction."

Harry well underſtood what was ſaid to him, and he kept his word in often checking his own ſickle diſpoſition, when he recollected the ſtory of Prince Abdallah, and the Houſe of Changes.

The greateſt men have not been above being taught by tales and fables, and my friend's ſon now reſolved

reſolved to endeavour to profit by ſuch examples.

Indeed, among his good qualities, might be reckoned that of being of a gentle and tractable diſpoſition; yet as there is no ſuch thing as being perfect, it was neceſſary that he ſhould be warned to take care, leſt ſuch a temper might make him ſubject to be led into faults, by the perſuaſion of bad boys. His parents conſidered this circumſtance, and acted accordingly.

For

For this reaſon he was timely told to be careful what company he kept, and he obſerved this advice to the beſt of his power; but there were ſome ill-behaved boys among his ſchoolfellows, that he ſometimes found it rather difficult to avoid.

One of theſe was Tommy Trimley, who was a young lad of ſome genius. He was not backward at his book; but he was apt to be diſobedient, both to his ſchoolmaſter and his uncle, who had the charge

charge of his education, after the death of a good and tender father; but when he pleaſed, he could put on a very agreeable look, and talk in a pretty manner. On this account, Harry was, at firſt, well pleaſed with his company, and Mr. Fairborn himſelf invited him to his houſe, in the Eaſter holidays, to ſpend them with his ſon and niece, Maſter Trueworth, and Maſter Lovewell, who were his companions; and when they had been at church on Eaſter Sunday, feaſted them with pies and

nice

nice diſhes. And after dinner Maſter Trueworth, by the deſire of the company, read the following verſes, which were of his own making:

WHAT

WHAT parents to their children give,
And they with pleaſure ſtill receive;
What often, when contentions ceaſe,
Is reckon'd as the pledge of peace;
What if you ſpend, the endleſs ſtore
Shall ne'er decreaſe, though you give more,
And what oft pleaſes us in play,
Though (in time paſt) us'd to betray.

The little company, in general, appeared well pleaſed with theſe lines; only Maſter Tommy Trimley ſaid he ſaw nothing extraordinary in them, and *if* the young gentleman made them, *he* could make as good or better. This,

to

to be ſure, was not prettily ſaid; but every body preſent being in good humour, it paſſed off, as Maſter Trueworth did not chooſe to take notice of the matter.

Tommy, however, taking this for an encouragement, was reſolved to ſupport the ſtory he had told; and therefore two days afterwards, when they were all met together, he took a copy of verſes out of his pocket, which he read, and they all owned to be extremely pretty indeed. Maſter Fairborn begged leave to copy them, as he

wrote

wrote a good hand; but this was refuſed; and there was a reaſon for it, as you will preſently find.

Maſter Fairborn being abroad with this new friend one day, he told him he would take him to meet ſome young folks of his acquaintance, and the other readily accepted the offer; but was a little ſurpriſed when he found ſome among them who bore a very indifferent character from their ſchoolfellows. He ſaid a word or two about them to Maſter Tommy, privately, who told him that they were

were good boys, but had a great ſpirit, which made their ſchool-fellows tell ſtories of them. So Harry, for that time, ſaid no more of the matter.

But it preſently ſeemed as if theſe boys were of an ill ſpirit; for they quarrelled with each other about mere trifles before they parted, and ſeveral of them would have fought, if Tommy and he had not prevented them. All this while they made a great boaſt of their courage, and wiſhed to be praiſed, becauſe, as they ſaid, they

feared

feared nothing. "I cannot, and I *will not* pretend ſo much (ſaid MaſterFairborn); but I hope I ſhall only fear where I *ought*, and that is enough for me."

Some children might think they were happy to be in ſuch courageous company; but it is only fooliſh, and ſometimes wicked, to be over-daring; beſides, as the old proverb ſays, "Self-praiſe is but little commendation." I would have my young readers take notice of it.

As they were all walking together, Maſter Fairborn took notice that it grew late, and it would ſoon be time for them all to go each to his home; but they were very ſlow in ſeparating, and it grew dark, while he and Tommy, with Billy Boldface, and two others, were on the road. Theſe very courageous boys now trembled, and began to ſtart at almoſt every thing that moved in their way. Every one of them now wiſhed himſelf at home; Tommy ſhook,

and

and ſaid he was ſorry he had not taken advice, and turned back ſooner; and Billy ſaid, "It was a ſad thing for him thus to be left in the dark, as he could never go to bed without a candle kept burning." Juſt at this time they ſaw ſomething white, on which they ſtopped, and his knees knocked together. Preſently the thing made a very loud noiſe, on which two of them ran away, and Tommy ſhrieked out, and Billy fell down with fear and terror; though they were both two years older than my

little hero, who was not at all frightened, but would have laughed heartily, if it had not been that he pitied their ſituation.

After he had pacified them a little, telling them it was certainly only ſome poor beaſt, that would very likely be afraid of them, which had thus terrified them; having helped to raiſe Billy from the ground, inſiſted that they ſhould go on, which they did with much perſuaſion. He led the way, and coming up to what had thus frightened his companions, it

proved

proved to be a white horſe, that had laid his head over a gate, and neighed in the manner juſt mentioned.

On Tommy's obſerving that Maſter Fairborn had more courage than he thought, he made the following reply:—"It is true that I fear God and my parents; but while I truſt myſelf to God's protection, I ſhall not be terrified in the dark, nor fear where no fear is."

Billy thought it lucky that his parents lived almoſt cloſe to Mr. Fairborn's, by which means he had our hero's company all the way; but Harry was rather uneaſy

at

at having ſtayed ſo late. This was not without reaſon, for his parents found fault with him on the account: however, when he told the truth, and related all that had paſſed, they excuſed him; but Mr. Fairborn ſaid he had no great opinion of the company he had that day with him.

Another time Tommy, who ſtill was welcome to Mr. Fairborn's, having taken Harry abroad by his papa's leave, they once more met with Billy Boldface and ſome of his companions. As theſe were

not the ſame he had brought with him before, and were all going to a neighbour's houſe, Maſter Fairborn was eaſily perſuaded to go with them, and was pleaſed when they overtook Maſter Trueworth, who was prevailed on to join the company.

When they arrived at the farmhouſe whither they were going, though they were well received by the maſter of it; yet they had not been long there, before Harry thought he perceived the good dame and her daughter look very coolly

coolly and indifferently upon them. Maſter Trimley did not ſeem at all to regard this; but he and his companion Billy went on at their old rate, talked a great deal, and Billy, in particular, appeared much entertained with his own diſcourſe. And now Tommy thought proper again to read the verſes which he wanted to paſs for ſome of his own making; but unluckily for him, the farmer's daughter had good reaſon for not believing him. She ſaid ſhe had ſeen them ſomewhere before, and

putting

putting her hand into her pocket, immediately produced one of Newbery's little books, where they were found, and from whence it seemed the young gentleman had very carefully copied them, as she read the whole over, word for word, to the company. Master Trueworth gave him a look not very pleasing. "I thought these lines were of your making," cried Harry. Being thus put to his shifts, "I don't remember that I said I made them (answered he), but I told you I *wrote* them; and I am sure I did so."

ſo." This was only an equivocation, a very poor ſhift indeed; I hope none of my readers will ever be guilty of ſuch paltry conduct; for indeed that is only the *meaneſt* way of telling a ſtory. And beſides it is to be remembered, Maſter Trimley had at firſt ſaid plainly enough that the lines were *his*, which fulfilled the old proverb, that "a ſtoryteller ſhould have a good memory."

It was not long, however, before Maſter Trimley grew rather uneaſy, and propoſed that they

ſhould

ſhould leave the houſe, which they all accordingly did, and Harry with them, little expecting any diſagreeable accident.

But when they had all ſeparated by degrees, Maſter Trueworth, Tommy, and Billy Boldface only remaining with our little hero; they were followed by ſeveral lads, who called out to them to ſtop, but Tommy ſaid it was proper they ſhould make the beſt of their way, as he feared ſome miſchief, and he ſhewed himſelf ready to ſet the example. But Maſter

Trueworth was of opinion, that they ſhould ſtand and wait for the purſuers; "For (ſaid he) thoſe who have not done any harm, have no occaſion to be afraid."

While he ſpoke thus, thoſe that followed came nearer, and began to throw ſtones. Billy Boldface ſeemed inclined to fright them in his way, while Maſter Trimley trembled; and our little hero obſerved this was a very bad method of engaging; and beſides he wiſhed they would come cloſer, that both parties might know what they fought

fought about. But before this came to paſs, Tommy made off, and Maſter Boldface ſoon followed him. In the mean time Harry had received a blow from a ſtone

over

over the forehead, and another on the leg, ſo that he was quite diſabled in a quarrel that was not his own. Maſter Trueworth, however, ſtood by him like a good friend, reſolved to take all chances. At length the lads that had done the miſchief came up, when he deſired to know the reaſon of this attack. One of them, whom Harry knew, anſwered, it was meant for Tommy Trimley, who had behaved ſo ill the day before, that nothing could be too bad for him. When he was aſked what

he meant, he anſwered, that as they were his companions, to be ſure they muſt know; and looking at Harry, added, "He deſerved what he had, for being in ſuch company;" but as the offender was gone, they agreed to make peace, and went away accordingly.

Maſter Trueworth now led Harry off, who was ſo weak that he could not reach home. The farmer's daughter ſtanding at the door, as they paſſed by, ſeeing this, invited them to come in, and the poor dame being ſorry for what

our

our hero had ſuffered, deſired, as it was late, that he might ſup and lie there that night, and promiſed to ſend ſomebody home with him in the morning.

Poor Harry paſſed but a very reſtleſs night; for though his hurts had been dreſſed, his mind ran ſo much upon what might be ſaid to him on his return home, that he had but very little ſleep. At length morning came, and the farmer himſelf went home with our hero. When they came thither, his couſin Harriet was the

firſt who met them; ſhe was frightened, and very unhappy, when ſhe ſaw his condition, and told him her uncle and aunt had been greatly diſtreſſed, as well as angry, at his ſtaying out the night before.

Harry was eagerly running to ſee his parents, when he was met half way by Mrs. Fairborn, who told him his papa was ſo much diſpleaſed, that he did not chooſe to ſee him till he could give ſufficient reaſon for his behaviour. On this he fell on his knees before her, and told her the whole truth, the

farmer

farmer pleading for him at the ſame time. His mamma pitied him much, but ſaid little. She was very particular in finding out the name of the lad that led the miſchievous company, and who ſpoke for the reſt; and our hero was ordered to go up ſtairs to his little room, where his hurts were taken care of, and to ſtay there till he was ſent for.

In the mean time Mr. Fairborn ſent to the lad's mother, who lived a few miles off. She was in a poor ſtate of health, but her ſon

came directly, though with fear and trembling. Then Harry was ſent for down ſtairs. "You ſee (ſaid that good gentleman) how my ſon has been uſed: what is the reaſon of your treating him in this manner, as he ſays he never offended you nor yours?" The lad, whoſe name was Plowden, allowed that to be true; but declared that Maſter Trimley had been concerned with other naughty boys, in worrying his mother's pigs, riding a cow almoſt to death, and often beating and abuſing him and his ſiſter,

ſiſter, and that when they complained to his uncle, they got no ſatisfaction; ſo that it was all meant for him and his companions, and it was only by chance that Harry was hurt in the fray.

Mr. Fairborn ſaid very ſternly, that was not the proper way of taking ſatisfaction. He told him to return to his mother for the preſent, but he hoped to hear of no more ſuch proceedings. When young Plowden was gone, "You have been wrong, Harry (ſaid he), in attaching yourſelf too much to

Maſter Trimley; you have likewiſe got into a quarrel that did not belong to you, at the hazard of your life; and offended and given me and your mamma great uneaſineſs. You are the ſufferer now, ſo it ſhall be paſſed by; but you muſt take care to get into ſuch ſcrapes no more."

"I will take care indeed, Sir," ſaid Harry, on being reſtored to favour, "and I think the beſt way will be not to keep company any more with Maſter Trimley. "I am ſure it is (replied Mr. Fairborn);

Fairborn); and I will take care that he ſhall not come to you, if you will not *go* to *him*. Be cautious for the future, child; I am ſorry for your hurts, but happy to know you were not miſchievous; but you will find even goodnature without prudence, may lead you into errors."

This was the laſt time that Mr. Fairborn had occaſion to find ſo much fault with his ſon. Maſter Tommy Trimley viſited at the houſe no more, and our hero ſtrictly obſerved his word in not

keeping company with him, nor any of his playfellows.

Beſides this, Harry took occaſion to ſhew his goodnature in a manner that greatly deſerved commendation: for, meeting by chance with Plowden, the poor youth who had made ſuch heavy complaints, and who now ſtrove to avoid him, he ran after him, ſpoke in the moſt friendly manner, and aſked how his mother did? The lad replied, that ſhe was at home, very ill in her bed, the only thing left her! the landlord having

ſeized

ſeized the reſt: on which Maſter Fairborn inſiſted on going to ſee her.—When they arrived, they found the unhappy woman ill

enough

enough indeed: but it was eaſy to ſee that ſhe wanted victuals more than phyſic—Harry obſerved this to her ſon, who ſaid that was true, for ſhe had not taſted more than a pennyworth of bread, and a little water, for two days paſt. Maſter Fairborn immediately put his hand into his pocket, and drew out ſome Naples biſcuits and ſeed cake that had been lately given him, which he put into her hand, and afterwards gave Peter what money he had about him, to get the poor creature ſome farther ſupport.

This

This was thankfully received; and when the lad returned, they both joined in bleſſing him for what was ſo little expected. Mr. Fairborn heard of this, and praiſed and rewarded his ſon accordingly. When he thought it juſt and proper to forbid Maſter Tommy Trimley from coming to his houſe, he judged it as proper to encourage Maſter Trueworth to viſit there; and our hero and that young gentleman became ſuch faſt friends, that it would have been hard to ſeparate them; and the latter liked our hero

the

the better, when he found he could forgive offences, *which every body ought to do, that ſays the Lord's prayer ſincerely.*

We are now coming to ſpeak of a time in which our little hero may appear of ſomewhat greater conſequence; nor ſhall I entirely forget his couſin Harriet, whom I have yet but juſt mentioned now and then in this hiſtory.

As I returned to London, where I lived, after ſtaying a few months

in

in Hertfordſhire, I was obliged to leave Mr. Fairborn's family, and ſaw no more of them for eighteen months, at the end of which I once more viſited that country.

Maſter Harry I found had grown much, and Harriet was become a fine girl: the family went on in their uſual regular manner, and Maſter Trueworth was a conſtant viſitor there.

It was now growing towards winter; the trees had loſt their leaves, the birds forgot to ſing among the branches; there were

no

no more cowſlips or daiſies on the green; but the ripe rough thiſtle appeared, and the ſharp ſtinging nettle; the ſun ſet at an early hour, the fogs and miſts roſe at evening, and the ſharp wind blew cold and bleak from the north at the morning hours; the ice began to appear on the ponds, and the ſnow to fall from the ſkies. The fireſide ſeemed now the moſt comfortable place in the houſe, where I enjoyed many happy hours. Yet I aſſure my reader, that the ſharp weather neither kept Maſter Harry from

ſchool,

ſchool, nor from taking exerciſe in the daytime, as he had the bleſſing of health, and his parent knew that bringing him up in a very tender manner, was not the way to preſerve it.

But however, as the froſt grew more ſevere, he was forbidden to attempt ſkaiting or ſliding upon the ponds, which are ſoon cruſted over with ice that is apt often to break. It is indeed but dangerous to truſt to it, and quite unneceſſary, as there are ſo many leſs hazardous healthy exerciſes.

But

But Maſter Trueworth, though very careful in general, was too apt to indulge himſelf in this diverſion, which his parents had never forbidden him. Harry had frequently cautioned him againſt truſting himſelf on the ice, but could never get his promiſe that he would leave it off; though he never offered to perſuade his friends to do the ſame.

One day as our hero was walking alone in the fields, he obſerved ſome boys of different ages ſkaiting and ſliding on a piece of water,

and

and had the curioſity to go nearer to them; he thought beſides, that he had obſerved ſomething like a thaw coming on for two or three hours, and he deſigned to mention it to them, though he ſuppoſed them to be all ſtrangers; but he had ſcarcely got to the edge of the pond, before he perceived a great buſtle; the ice breaking, one had fallen in, and a youth ſlipped in after him, in endeavouring to relieve him. By the help of his arms, the youth kept his head above the ice. It was Maſter

Trueworth. Harry was inſtantly going on the pond to try to aſſiſt his friend; but all the reſt prevented his doing ſo, as they ſaw what

what danger he must run into, without being able to do any service. Thus disappointed, he yet called out loudly to his friend to have a good heart, and support himself as well as he was able, whilst he ran to a little farm-house which he perceived at about a quarter of a mile off; he ran, he almost flew thither, and returned just in time to save his friend, with men that by ropes, and proper means, got him out of his disagreeable and dreadful situation. But he caught a cold, which con-

fined him to his room for ſome time. The unfortunate boy whom he had tried to ſave, was drowned; and Maſter Trueworth never went on the ice afterwards.

Maſter Fairborn's good behaviour had by this time gained him the love of his ſchoolfellows in general, as well as the regard of his maſter; and he was ſo very good-natured, and ſo fond of what was right, that they were happy to come to him to ſettle their diſputes; by which means much quarrelling after ſchool hours was prevented,

vented, and he took care to ſhew himſelf not at all forward, ſo that his modeſty was always commended on theſe occaſions. It happened one day, when the maſter had given the ſcholars a holiday, that Harry, in his walks, obſerved one of theſe in a high diſpute with a ſtranger. As their *words* ſeemed likely to have produced *blows*, he interfered by way of ſpeaking to his acquaintance; he ſoon found that they had quarrelled about a very trifling thing indeed; that the quarrel was not

ſo much cauſed by the matter talked about, as by the diſagreeable words that had been uſed. "Coward" was one; and as both theſe

theſe had more ſpirit than prudence, neither of them could endure the name. When they had agreed to liſten to our hero, he took ſome pains to ſet them right as to their diſpute, which was only a miſtake of ſome words another boy had ſaid, and they began to ſee their miſtake, though the proud ſpirit of each was above confeſſing it; on which, as he found neither was willing to give way firſt, he told them a ſhort ſtory.

"There were two young gentlemen of a friendly diſpoſition, who

agreed to travel together to foreign countries; and none could agree better than they did for ſome weeks, while they were on their journey. Being on horſeback, they came to a place where the road parted, and ſeemed to lead two oppoſite ways; they made no doubt but *one* of theſe muſt be wrong; but unluckily they were of different opinions; one of the gentlemen declared for the right-hand road, the other for the left; at length they grew angry, and inſtead of trying whither theſe ways

led,

led, reſolved to fight each other. Juſt as they were going to draw their ſwords, a countryman came galloping down one of the roads; who, when they applied to him, ſaid they both led to the ſame place: but ſtill they ſaid their honour was concerned, each having ſaid ſo much in favour of his own opinion. On this the countryman, who had a gun, placed himſelf at the opening of the right hand, which was very narrow, declaring that one (and one *only*) ſhould paſs that way, while the other

might

might proceed to the left, or go back, as he liked beſt. They choſe different ways accordingly, and parted ſtill diſpleaſed with each other. He that choſe the right hand was met and plundered, after much fighting, by two robbers. He that took the left was encountered by a wild beaſt that tore him much, but which he killed with great difficulty. The travellers met at one place, as the countryman had ſaid: and now they laid aſide their anger, and owned that they were in the wrong not to

proceed

proceed together, which might have prevented the misfortune that happened to both."

A few words convinced them how ſilly it would be to quarrel further, and to fight upon this occaſion; and eſpecially, as they had been friends, the ſtory was ſuitable. So they made it up, and ſhook hands, thanking Harry for his goodnature.

As Chriſtmas was coming, Mr. Fairborn and his ſpouſe inſiſted that I ſhould ſpend the holidays with them. I conſented, becauſe I knew

I knew the family to be ſo agreeable; and in the pleaſure I expected I was not diſappointed.

Miſs Harriet, who had lately been put to a boarding-ſchool, came home for the ſeaſon; and her company was very pleaſing.—We were well entertained; and there was plenty of good Engliſh fare, not forgetting pies, puddings, and cake for the young folks, who enjoyed many diverſions.—Amongſt other entertainments, ſeveral new riddles were propoſed, and prizes given to thoſe

that

that explained them. Some of theſe were in verſe: among them was the following, which I thought very pretty.

IN me the various colours vie,
With which the rainbow decks the ſky.
There 's not a flower the garden yields,
Or Nature ſpreads o'er ſummer fields;
There's not throughout the world a plant,
Whoſe beauty I or colour want!
There's not a tint, red, green, or blue,
Or ſcarce of any other hue,
But I at different times have ſpread
Around the lovely female head.

This was gueſſed at in various ways,

ways, but at laſt explained by Maſter Trueworth, who properly ſaid it meant a Riband; and he received a pretty gilt pocket-book for his prize. The riddle was owned by Miſs Harriet; and I have thought this a pretty way enough to exerciſe the wit of young people.

As the holidays drew near an end, Mr. Trueworth invited Mr. Fairborn and his family to come to his houſe on Twelfth-day, whither we went accordingly; and there we ſaw Miſs Charlotte Trueworth,

worth, who was entirely home-bred, and ſeldom went abroad. She was a pretty-behaved young lady, as ſenſible as her brother, and quite lively. The young people were all very merry in chooſing King and Queen.—It was Maſter Fairborn's lot to be King, and a young lady that was a new viſitor there, had the chance to be Queen of the little company.

I had heard that Miſs Trueworth was both curious and ingenious; and ſhe ſhewed us, by her mamma's deſire, ſome of her models

and drawings: but the greateſt curioſity was kept till the laſt day of our ſtay there, when, before we took leave, ſhe aſked her parents' permiſſion to take us to ſee her flower-garden. I ſaid, I fancied we ſhould find very few flowers to look at there; but the young lady aſſured us we ſhould ſee a great many. She then deſired us to follow her, and brought us to an upper room, where ſhe opened a glaſs door, and ſhewed us a ſight that was both pleaſing and ſurpriſing. In that chamber we ſaw a

ſort

ſort of Lilliputian garden; for there were a number of flowers, ſome cut out in paper, and ſome in ſhell-work, all of which were ranged in order: and I recollect we ſaw moſt of the flowers repreſented there, which are to be found in Newbery's little books; and Miſs Trueworth had a ſhort moral or ſtory ready for each of them. She repeated one on the Roſe at her mamma's deſire.

"The Roſe is one of the ſweeteſt and moſt uſeful flowers that grows. Its ſweetneſs continues

after it is gathered. Its leaves are always agreeable, and it is of ſervice in medicine. It is looked upon as the emblem of health and beauty; yet thoſe that pluck it ſhould take care, leſt they hurt themſelves with the thorns that ſurround it."

We ſpent an hour here very pleaſantly, and gave much praiſe to Miſs Trueworth for her ingenuity.

Before we left Mr. Trueworth's, juſt as we were about to take leave, Miſs Aimwell, the young lady that

was

was their viſitor, grew pale on a ſudden, and while we were wondering what ailed her, Maſter Fairborn took a ſpider off her neck, which had put her into ſuch a fright.—Our hero took notice, that though this was a diſagreeable inſect, yet it was not dangerous. "It is likewiſe very curious (ſaid he) in the manner of weaving its web, which I think no art can imitate."--"But is it not very cruel in killing flies?" ſaid Miſs Aimwell. Maſter Fairborn anſwered, that this inſect only killed flies en-

tangled in his web for food; while the birds frequently devoured ſpiders in quantities, without being at the pains to weave any web at all.

"And, diſagreeable as the ſpider is (adds our hero), I have been told that ſhe is particularly careful of her young, whom ſhe is always ready provided to ſhelter in caſe of danger; and when a ſpider once ſaw her little ones drawn under an ant-hill, by what is called a horſe-emmet, ſhe followed, and choſe rather to be buried alive in

the

the earth than to quit them. I have heard beſides, that though this inſect is ſo much hated by moſt folks, yet a gentleman that was confined in a dungeon abroad, where nobody was allowed to viſit him, took delight in feeding and watching the ways of a ſpider, having nothing elſe to entertain him. The jailer obſerved this, and, as he was a cruel and ill-natured man, killed this creature in ſpite; after which the priſoner pined as a child might do for a favourite bird; and was near dying, when he was

unexpectedly releaſed. He did not forget to complain of the jailer, who was diſcharged from his place, which reduced him to a miſerable ſituation, and properly puniſhed him for his bad behaviour."

Mr. Trueworth, while we ſtaid there, had given Maſter Harry a handſome little poney; and at parting, his lady made Miſs Harriet a preſent of a gilt morocco prayer-book, and a very handſome pocket-book with a caſe of inſtruments, in return for the genteel and kind treatment her ſon had received

ceived at Mr. Fairborn's; and ſo taking ſome cake, and a glaſs of wine, we ſeparated in the greateſt good humour.

Soon after his return, as our hero was riding out on the little poney which I have juſt mentioned, he met Maſter Trimley, by chance, along with Billy Boldface, and another of his old companions. Tommy being vexed that he was forbidden ſome months before to viſit at Mr. Trueworth's, and was mortified that Harry would not keep company with him, began to

ſalute him with ſuch language, as I do not chooſe here to repeat; and, what was worſe, tried to frighten the horſe, which might have been the means of his being thrown, and breaking his bones. Harry therefore thought proper to alight, and aſk the reaſon of this uſage; when Maſter Trimley and the other two ſurrounded him, and threatened to fall upon him; but in a lucky moment Maſter Trueworth came up, who gave them a very proper rebuke; and as they well knew that he would ſtand by

his

his friend, they ſneaked off, aſhamed of their behaviour.

As I had now an opportunity of ſtaying ſome months in Hertfordſhire, I had the pleaſure of obſerving the progreſs Maſter Fairborn made in his learning and manners, which were equal to the wiſhes and expectations of his parents.

He grew a favourite with many of the neighbouring gentlemen, and with none more than Sir Charles Belville, who had a ſon and heir, that he wiſhed to be as perfect as poſſible, both in learning and in

good

good conduct; the laſt of which young folks do not always acquire at ſchools where they are only for a certain ſet of hours under the immediate care of their maſter.

Young Baſil had no mother alive, and Sir Charles was ſo frequently ailing, that he was not able to attend ſo much to his inſtruction as he could wiſh; he was therefore happy in having an acquaintance with Mr. Fairborn's family, where his ſon viſited and was always made welcome. Maſter Baſil was a youth of good inclinations, on the

the whole, but at times he was a little fretful, or pettiſh, as it is called; and this was a failing which Sir Charles wiſhed him to be cured of; the acquaintance was therefore particularly uſeful, becauſe Harry Fairborn, as you find by our hiſtory, had nothing of this kind in his diſpoſition.—Theſe young gentlemen agreed well; and our hero was pleaſed as well as honoured in this new companion, as Maſter Trueworth, who was his elder, was by this time ſent to to the univerſity.

I have

I have already hinted that our hero had a proper and modeſt way of telling others their faults, without giving cauſe for offence; and as he was convinced by his parents' arguments that tales and fables were really ſerviceable in this way; ſo he ſometimes made uſe of them for the purpoſe.

This was the caſe once, when Maſter Baſil being walking with him and two other young gentlemen, took a ſlight offence at ſome trifle, and was ſo pettiſh for a good while, that there was no ſpeaking

to him with any ſatisfaction, which was very diſagreeable. Harry then read the following fable.

WHEN once the birds of various feather
Were met to join in mirth together,
The happy minutes to prolong,
Each was requir'd to ſing a ſong.
The Blackbird now pour'd ſweet his note,
The Lark and Thruſh each ſtrain'd his throat;
And firſt the Linnet warbled ſweet,
So that his ſong ſeem'd moſt complete;
Till from a tow'r, with ivy crown'd,
An Owl ſent forth a diſmal ſound;
The Linnet ſtopp'd, though in full ſong,
Declar'd the birds had done him wrong;

Though

Though no one there the cauſe could tell,
All lov'd and wiſh'd the Linnet well;
Yet long they tried, but tried in vain,
To urge him to renew the ſtrain;
And when at laſt again he ſung,
No more the groves with muſic rung;
'Twas diſcord all, they found it ſoon
Quite out of time and out of tune.
A Mockbird there took off the note;
(The Mockbird mimics all by rote.)
Aſham'd and vex'd, the Linnet rag'd;
An aged Crow his wrath aſſuag'd:
Whence ſprings your anger, pray? he cries,
Your talents all well know to prize;
If yonder Owl's wild note offends,
Why ſhould you quarrel with your friends:

But

But if, like *her*, *you* chooſe to hoot,
You'll be diſlik'd, beyond diſpute;
Then vex no more *without a cauſe*,
But rule yourſelf by reaſon's laws;
Now ſing again; amend your ſtrain,
And Mimic bird ſhall mock in vain.

This fable had the deſired effect; Maſter Baſil bluſhed at his behaviour, grew good-natured, and became agreeable; and by little checks like theſe, which were always delivered in a friendly and proper manner, by degrees he amended this fault, and got rid of ſome little failings, by which means

he added greatly to his own ſatiſfaction, as well as that of his parent, who promiſed great friendſhip to Mr. Fairborn's family; and he kept his word with them.

The laſt action that I remarked of Maſter Fairborn's, while I ſtaid in the country, was one for which he deſerved high commendation, I have had occaſion often to mention Maſter Boldface not much to his honour, ſince he had ſhewn neither courage nor goodnature in any of the adventures related in this hiſtory. He had long been a com-

a companion of Maſter Trimley's; but a little before I left Hertford-ſhire, our hero met him *alone*, and in a lamentable ſituation: he was poor, ragged, and ſorrowful; his father was lately dead, and had nothing to leave him. He had an uncle poſſeſſed of money, but that uncle would not take any notice of the boy, becauſe he did not think he deſerved it; ſo he was ſtarving, and declared that his friend Maſter Trimley would not ſpeak to him.—Harry readily gave him his pocket-money, and having

heard where he was to be ſeen, with tears in his eyes, he went home and told the ſtory to Mr. Fairborn, begging to know if

ſome-

ſomething could not be done for him.—Mr. Fairborn ſaid he would conſider of it. Billy was brought to him, and clothed by his charity, afterwards put to a free-ſchool, and, on his promiſe of good behaviour, was at length taken into his uncle's favour.

To conclude our hero's hiſtory, as far as it came to my knowledge, I ſhall inform my readers

that he had an offer to go abroad with Maſter Baſil, as Sir Charles reſolved his ſon ſhould travel with a governor as ſoon as he was of a proper age. A worthy relation of Mr. Trueworth was choſen for his governor.—The young gentleman found both amuſement and improvement in the courſe of his travels, and ſo did Maſter Fairborn, who at his return was provided with ſuch a place in London, and in time ſo well promoted, that he became at laſt as rich as Sir Charles

Charles himſelf, and lived to be the comfort of his parents, and to ſee Maſter Trueworth and all his friends happy.

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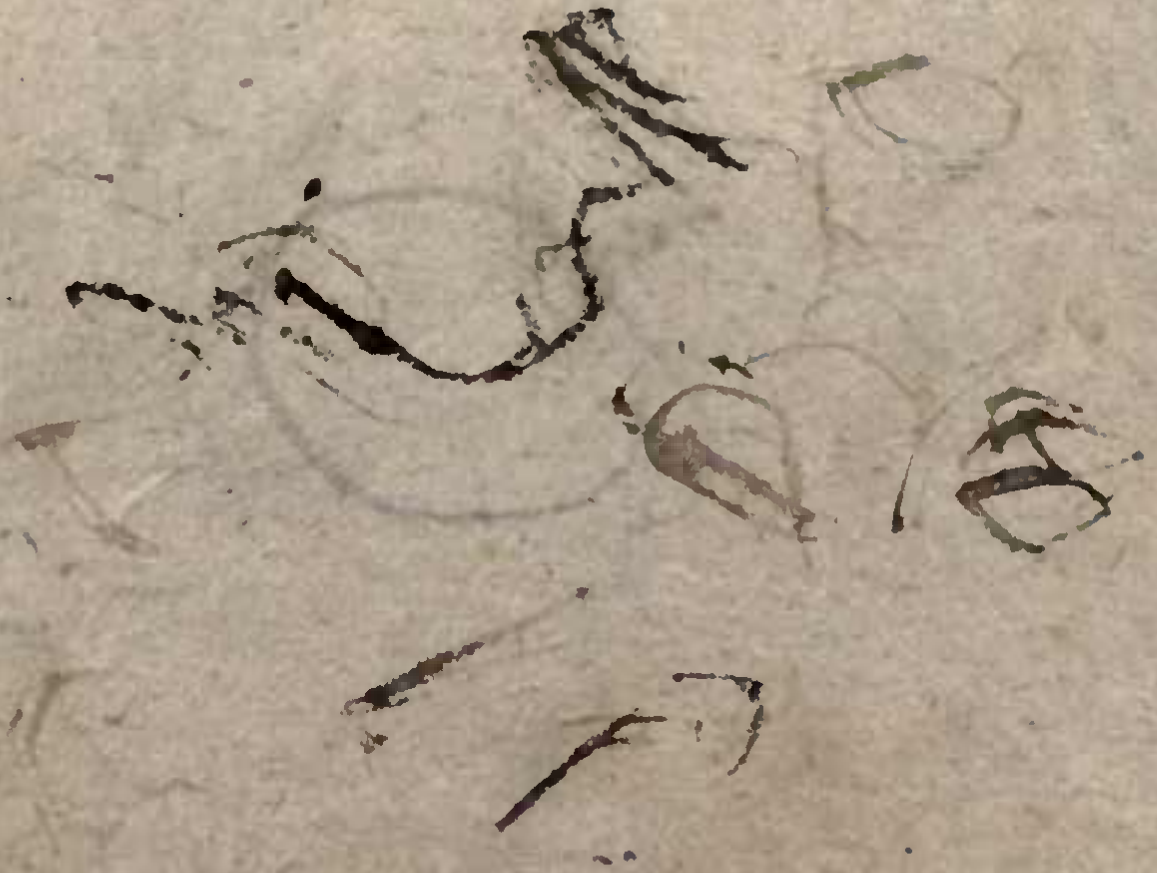
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